

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Fourpence

12th August, 1961

THE GOON ON A WHITE HORSE

Peter Sellers—man of many voices

By Peter London

PETER SELLERS spent several days last month riding a white horse in and out of the courtyard of historic Allington Castle in Kent. He was dressed, furthermore, in a scarlet uniform and white plumed hat. And even your reporter, who has known him since his early Goon days, had to look twice to make sure that this dashing, but ageing, military French figure was indeed Peter.

But that is not really a new experience. I know few men who have such a startling gift of disappearing before your very eyes and reappearing as quite another character while they talk to you. He is the man of a hundred voices and personalities. It is difficult to pin down the real Peter himself.

The elderly but gallant French general on a white horse is the character Peter is creating for his newest film, "The Waltz of the Toreadors." It is a very different rôle from anything he has done before. We worked out that this is his 13th picture, including the "Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film"—a goonish picture seen on TV and as a short feature at various cinemas.

These films have brought him vast reputation and international

Peter and his friends Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine and Graham Stark, created the new humour—Goonery. It broke out crazily in all directions. Songs like "I'm Walking Backwards for Christmas" became disc hits. The Goon humour also went on disc as long-play albums such as "The Best of Sellers." More recently his song duet with film star Sophia Loren, "Goodness Gracious Me," became a world hit. These successes never cease to astonish Peter.

Born in show business

In the past few years his greatest triumphs have been as a character actor in films—"I'm All Right Jack," "The Millionairess," and others. He has also turned to directing pictures as in "Mr. Topaze," while he and Spike Milligan did everything in their charmingly scatty "Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film."

Peter Sellers was born and bred in show business. His mother was a character actress of a big family of theatre folk; his father was a pianist and musical director.

So close to the theatre was he that by the age of 15 he hated it! "I saw too many music-hall dressing-rooms as a boy, and I ran away." He still dislikes working in variety or the theatre.

But of course he had the talents. They oozed out of him as a child performer, and as a schoolboy who did a brilliant series of imitations at a school concert. He began work as assistant stage manager to one of the family's theatres in a Devon seaside show, worked with his father for ENSA, the wartime



Peter Sellers

fame, and Sellers is a new craze in America. He had immense success, too, in sound radio with the never-to-be-forgotten "Goon Show" and "Ray's a Laugh," for which Peter created a range of voices such as those of Bluebottle and Colonel Bludnock, which people imitated in everyday life for years. On television, "The Idiot Weekly," "A Show Called Fred," "Son of Fred," and "The Cathode Ray Tube Show," brought him still more success.

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MEET THE GANG

The four boys in "The Racketty Street Gang," a new BBC TV serial. From the top, Geoff Bettenay, Michael Luckie (in hat), Michael Meier, Peter Hampson. (See story on page 4)

Britain must earn more and spend less

By the CN Parliamentary Correspondent

A crisis is time of danger—a turning point in human affairs; and it is an apt word for the present financial situation of this country. Britain faces a crisis because we are not selling enough exports. As a nation we depend on our exports for a living and so we have to take steps to increase our export trade.

MR. SELWYN LLOYD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently introduced a series of measures to cope with Britain's financial crisis. There are measures to increase taxes, cut public spending (spending by Government departments, State-controlled industries, and local authorities) and make it harder for individuals to borrow or spend money.

This is forcing the nation to be thrifty. The intention of the Government is that we should find certain things harder to buy because they are more expensive; that as a result we shall put our money into savings instead; and that in the process our manufacturers will be forced to sell more goods abroad because they cannot sell them in the home market.

History repeats itself

There have been half-a-dozen such "crises" since the war, and without exception they have been dealt with in roughly the same way.

Britain has to import about half its food and raw materials. It pays for these imports by exporting manufactured and processed goods made from the raw materials.

The difference between what we pay for imports and what we sell overseas is called the balance of payments. If our payments are



Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer

out of balance—that is, the cost of imports is higher than our earnings from exports—then we are in trouble. We have a crisis.

Now the profits from overseas trade go into a pool known as the gold reserve. If we are doing nicely that reserve increases. But if it begins to fall, as it has been doing recently, we are not the only people who get worried. Foreigners who invest their money in British securities get worried, too. So they start selling their investments, taking their money away and this further reduces our reserves.

Usually the first warning signal is a drop in the value of the pound sterling in the foreign money markets. That is to say, our pounds will buy fewer im-

ports from abroad. Naturally, if the cost of imports rises the balance of payments is more and more upset.

So Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is anxious to stop us living beyond our means as a nation; to cut national "household" expenses; to cut the "spending spree" we read so much about.

He wants us to face the fact that, as a nation, we do not work hard enough; that in some cases we are taking longer to do our work than we should; that we are, in fact, contributing less to the nation's wealth by way of production than we are taking out by way of wages.

New markets wanted

One way of getting over our national financial crisis is to have a long-term plan with production "targets." Another remedy is to find new markets and customers abroad, and that is one reason why we shall be hearing a great deal more about the Common Market across the English Channel.

The whole problem is one that our leaders have to solve quickly—and to solve wisely, however painfully, if the country is not to be plagued by a fresh crisis every other year or so.

TUNNEL LAID IN ONE PIECE

A prefabricated concrete tunnel over 400 feet long and weighing 7,000 tons was recently laid under water at Stockholm as part of an extension to the city's underground railway system.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

MANY HAPPY RETURNS



Birthday greetings to Princess Anne, who will be eleven next Tuesday, 15th August.

The famous Bow Bells, silent since 1941, will ring out again next Christmas.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is to fly a personal flag—a mitre and shield on a blue ground—wherever he is in residence.

Eighty schoolboys are spending their Summer holidays on an expedition, organised by the British Schools' Exploring Society, in Arctic regions of Scandinavia.

WELL CAUGHT

A 14-year-old Leicester boy caught a blue shark weighing 104lb. while fishing off Looe. Another 14-year-old landed a 5½ lb. eel from a pond on Wands-worth Common, London. Soldiers on a shark-fishing expedition in the South China Sea had a catch of nine with a total weight of 3,000 lb.

Mr. Graham Bond, a Canterbury headmaster, is to spend part of his Summer holidays working in Nigeria. He is to help in the education of teachers at Sokoto, on the edge of the Sahara Desert.

More than 600 miles of main roads in England and Wales have now become clearways—roads where waiting is forbidden.

A British baby girl born aboard the Dutch liner *Oranje* has been named Juliana, after the Queen of the Netherlands.

Sent in 1,500 packing cases from Clydebank to Kisumu, Lake Victoria, the Royal Mail ship *Victoria* has made her maiden voyage on the lake. She is the biggest vessel ever to be built in one country, dismantled, and re-assembled in another.

Thirty-four Somerset schools are to build their own swimming pools with financial help from the county Education Committee.

B SQUADRON

More than 25,000 bees recently swarmed in the officers' mess at R.A.F. Hucknall, Notts.

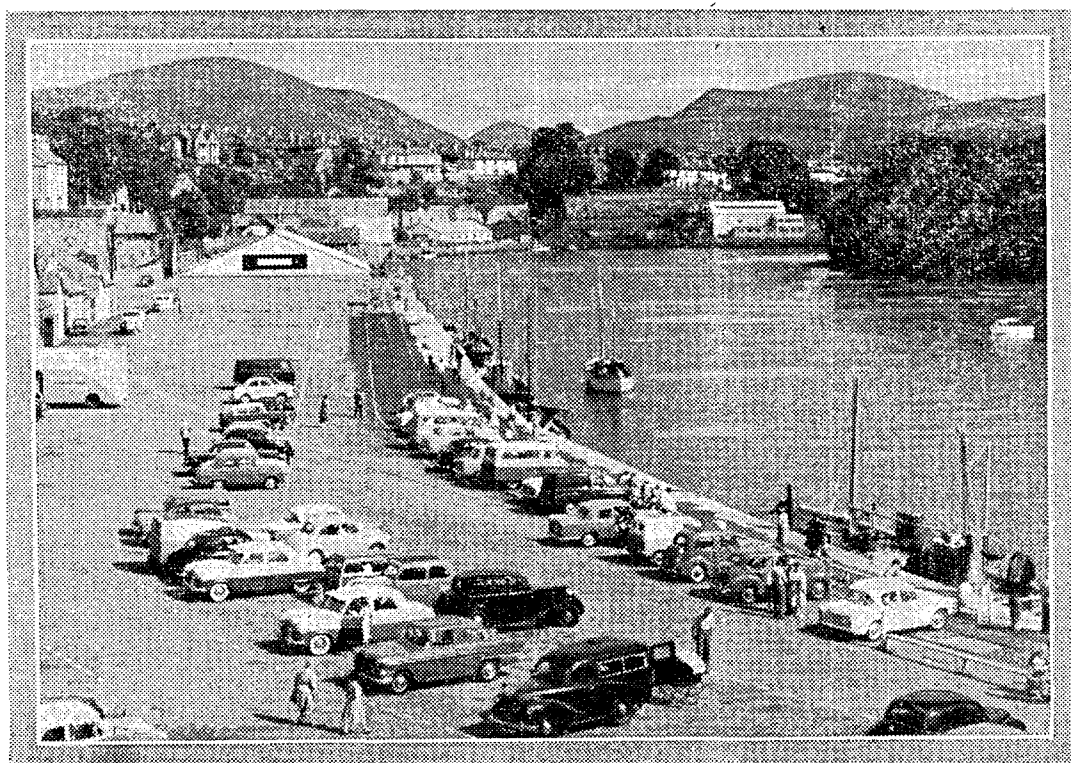
Lifeguard Mr. Josef Onody has been presented with the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for rescuing two Birmingham girls, from drowning at Newquay, Cornwall.

France is to spend £35,000,000 on space research during the next four years.

THEY SAY . . .

THERE will be 365,000 road casualties in 1961—1,000 a day—if the rate for January to May is maintained.

Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents



OUR HOMELAND

The quayside at Caernarvon as seen from the ancient castle

CAN YOU SPOT THESE DOGS?



START dog spotting right away on the celebrated pink form (L523) which your teacher can obtain in bundles of 50 (together with free chart in full colour identifying 95 breeds) from:—

Chief Dog Spotter, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

Please hand this to your teacher who will appreciate that Dog Spotting is an educational, open air activity sponsored by The National Canine Defence League to encourage kindness to animals.

WATCH FOR NEW CLUB ACTIVITIES

Teacher's Name

Address

Poet for a royal occasion



Catherine Dell of Copdock, near Ipswich, wrote a prize-winning poem of welcome and recited it to the Queen during the recent royal visit to Suffolk. Catherine is a Queen's Guide and runs a Brownie pack in her village.

AIRCRAFT SOW TREES

Low-flying aircraft have been used to sow seeds of cedar, pine, fir and larch over more than 17,000 acres of northern forest land in the Soviet Far East. The territory where the air seeding was carried out covers an area as large as Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland together, and is a big supplier of ship-building and structural timber.

TAKING THEIR LESSONS IN THE AIR

A Lancashire school makes a regular feature of teaching geography by air.

Every few weeks a class from Westwood Park County Primary School, Eccles, led by the senior master, takes off from Manchester Airport for an exciting lesson while flying over the north-west. The lessons last 30 minutes and cost 30 shillings a head for a class of 18 students.

On a recent flight the youngsters were flown over the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope, along the Manchester Ship Canal, across Manchester's city centre, and out to Audenshaw reservoir.

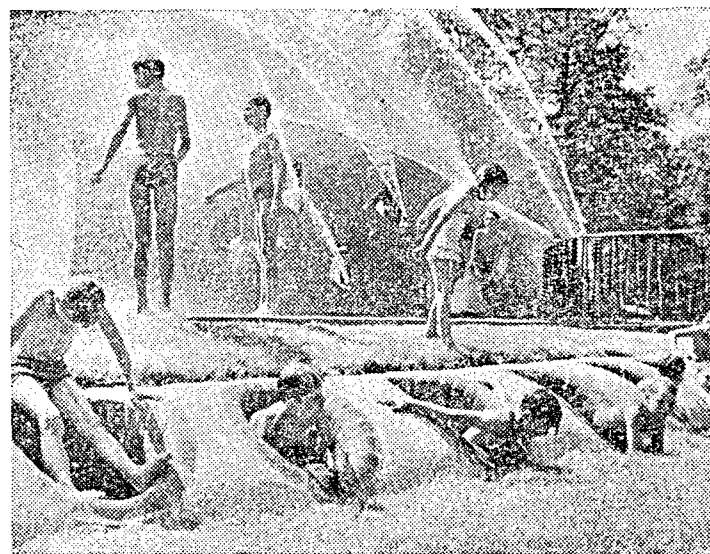
Exploring London for half-a-crown

Children can now explore London by bus all day long for only half-a-crown. That is the price of the new August "Bus-about" tickets which give unlimited travel on 1,600 miles of bus routes—from St. Albans to Leatherhead, from Windsor to Brentwood.

This holiday treat follows on the success of London Transport's weekend Red Rover tickets.

The Bus-about tickets can be obtained from London Transport inquiry offices and Underground stations, or by post from the Fares and Charges Officer, 55 Broadway, London, S.W.1. For anyone over 14 the fare is five shillings.

GOOD FUN IN THE SPRAYGROUND



At Frankfurt, West Germany, a new playground has been built which provides grand fun in the hot weather. Water is sprayed in all directions and children can slide down a water-chute and then emerge through brick-lined tunnels.

Peter Sellers on a White Horse

Continued from page 1

entertainment organisation, and also as a drummer and ukelele player. He was then 15, and wanted to be a film cameraman.

After war service with the R.A.F. in Burma he got a job on radio by telephoning a BBC producer and, in the voice of Kenneth Horne, recommending a certain Peter Sellers ("a brilliant mimic, my dear chap") for an audition. He got it, confessed the hoax—and was launched on the long journey to the top.

Today he is one of the busiest and most highly paid performers in this country, but to those who have known him for years he remains the same quiet Peter, self-critical, hating humbug, and loving perfection in all things.

It was quite a change to see him riding a horse, for he is notoriously a car enthusiast. He has owned more than 50 cars in the past dozen years, buying and selling them at bewildering speed, sometimes keeping the latest one for only a few weeks.

He is devoted to mechanical gadgets of all kinds, loves photography, tape-recording, hi-fi sound, cine cameras. His wife's kitchen at their beautiful 16th-century manor house in Hertfordshire is a press-button dream. Peter also likes cricket, judo, and—tiddly-winks. Most of all he likes to be at home with his actress wife Anne and his children, Michael, seven, and Sarah, four.

But I have a feeling that he may yet get his old pals together to do another Goon series on radio.

Models on parade

A thousand models will be on view next week at the Central Hall, Westminster, in the Model Engineer Exhibition. Most of them will be ships, ranging from a tug only three-eighths-of-an-inch long to a glass fibre submarine weighing about 200 lb. The Exhibition will last from 16th to 26th August.

Tips for taking tip-top snaps...

from
John Brough,
prize-winning
schoolboy
photographer



FOURTEEN-year-old John Brough, a Holland Park schoolboy, is a member of his School Junior Camera Club; last year he won first prize in the junior division of its annual exhibition.



1. Hold the camera steady. Stand with feet firmly on the ground. Hold breath and gently squeeze the release button. Shoot with sun shining on subject from over your shoulder.



2. Avoid a complicated background like this. Always choose a simple one. Try shooting in a crouching position, thus getting your subject against the sky or the sea.

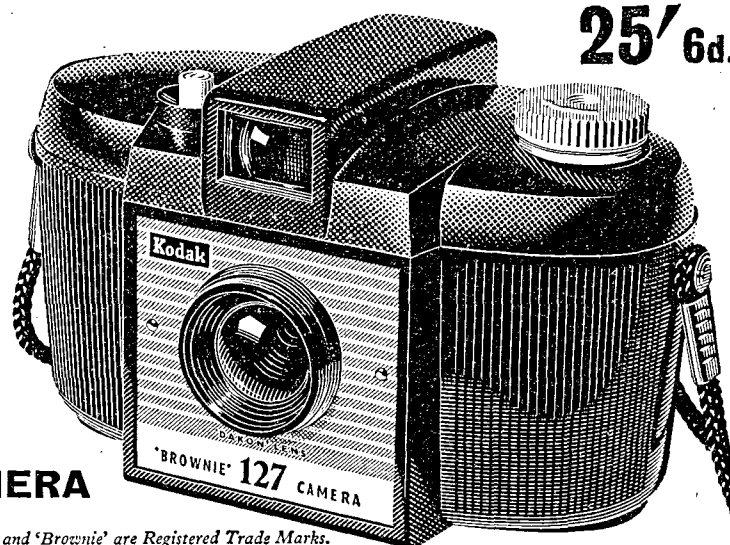


3. Catch your subject unawares. Often you can talk him into forgetting the camera. Or try this harmless trick. Tell him you've taken the snap, and as he relaxes, click the shutter.

4. Get a good simple camera, like the 'Brownie' 127; (that's the one I use). It's neatly shaped to fit the hand, has a smooth working shutter release, brilliant, eye-level viewfinder and a strong neckcord.

Kodak 'BROWNIE' 127 CAMERA

'Kodak' and 'Brownie' are Registered Trade Marks.



Meet The Gang

UNDER-WATER swimming, which was actually filmed through glass panels in the sides of the Butlin Baths at Cliftonville, Margate, is a highlight of next Sunday's new serial on BBC Junior TV. Called *The Racketty Street Gang*, this is an exciting story about life on the waterfront at Sydney, Australia. Producer Dorothea Brooking has adapted it for TV from the book by L. H. Evers.

The adventures are shared by four boys—three Australian and one from Germany. Michael Meier plays Anton, whose parents

have emigrated from Germany to Australia a few years before the tale begins. They seem fairly happy in their new country, but Anton has the feeling they are secretly worried about something. He talks about this to his water-front friends—the good-natured Ben (Geoffrey Bettenay); the studious "Professor," who is always inventing things (Michael Luckie); and the well-meaning Stanley (Peter Hampson).

Soon they discover that the solution of the mystery may be found in a near-by boatyard.

Al Read has parking trouble



The excerpt is from *Fun and Fancy Free* at the Queen's Theatre, and it was telerecorded a few days ago.

When Producer Barney Colehan got to the theatre, he discovered it is one of the few in the country without a stage door. The car had to be manhandled past the box-office and through the auditorium.

As Al drives around on the stage, the voice of an irate parking attendant is heard. Actually it is Al's own voice on tape. "This must be something new," said Al. "Whoever heard of a man taking instructions from his own voice!"

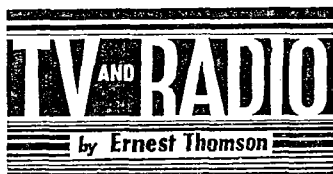
WATCHING Al Read in his car-parking comedy sketch in the BBC's Blackpool Show this Friday, you might never guess what a palaver there was to get the car on the stage.

Schoolgirl in the Top Ten



YOUNGEST guest star in Russ Conway's new weekly series on BBC television is the 14-year-old singing schoolgirl, Helen Shapiro. You can see and hear her this Friday.

With her recording of *Don't Treat Me Like a Child*, Helen reached the top ten of best-selling records. For her BBC television debut, she sings her latest success, *You Don't Know*.



EXCITEMENT FROM FOREIGN PARTS

EVERYTHING from the Indian rope trick to fire-fighting on the American prairies may find its way into a new feature beginning on the BBC Junior radio programmes in the Autumn. BBC foreign correspondents all over the world have been alerted to find stories which will interest children.

"We are calling the programme 'From Foreign Parts,'" I was told by David Lloyd-James, assistant head of junior programmes. "It will be a 20-minute magazine once a month, combing the world for everything that's lively and exciting."

What the BBC are looking for now is a catchy signature tune. If you have an idea, it would be welcomed by David Lloyd-James, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

NEW SERIES FOR THE ZITHER GIRL

ZITHER-GIRL Shirley Abicair from Australia has had a new zither made for her. We can hear her playing it for the first time in her folk-song series which begins on the Home Service this Thursday evening.

"It's a much bigger zither than I've ever had before," Shirley told me. "I like it, though, because it gives a fuller tone."

Shirley does her practising in an all-glass penthouse, on top of her Kensington flat. It has a wonderful view over London.

PETS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES

ANIMALS seem to love Muriel Young as much as she loves them. That is why her *Pets' Corner*, beginning in Associated-Rediffusion's *Small Time* this Friday, should be quite a family party. To get ideas, Muriel went first to the *Pets' Corner* in the London Zoo. All the guests in her own *Corner*, however, will come from Graham Dangerfield's private zoo at Harpenden.

She makes a point of getting to know every creature really well before taking it under the bright lights in front of the TV camera. Note how she deals with a half-wild dingo puppy. It may help you to understand your tame domestic dog. The dingo is docile and manageable until about five

years old; then he is inclined to be spiteful, and everybody is better off when he goes inside a zoo cage.

Because of all the letters from children, "Mu" will devote a whole programme to budgerigars and canaries. She is hoping to have bush babies, pet mice, a marmoset, and—if one can be found—a baby badger.

Kittens are always lovely, but have you ever seen wild cat kittens? Graham Dangerfield had three sent to him from Scotland, even before their eyes were open. Now that they are ten weeks old, Muriel felt she must have them for *Pets' Corner*, though such wild little creatures—so different from pussy on the hearth—could never be domestic pets.



Muriel Young makes friends with a Shetland Pony

ANIMAL THAT ARRIVED IN AN OIL DRUM

DR. DESMOND MORRIS has picked on one of the rarest creatures in Regent's Park—the giant armadillo—to star in this Wednesday's *Zoo Time* on ITV.

When it arrived recently, it was the first of its kind in all the 130 years of the Zoo's existence. After many expeditions had tried for one in vain in the Amazon Basin of South America, Dr. Morris saw

one advertised in a Central American dealer's list.

"I sent for it and waited breathlessly," said Dr. Morris. "When it turned up it was certainly an armadillo—the biggest I had ever seen—but not a giant armadillo."

He had given up hope when, to his amazement, an animal dealer at Birmingham, of all places, rang up offering one. This time it was the real thing, and it is this giant armadillo that is now making its TV debut.

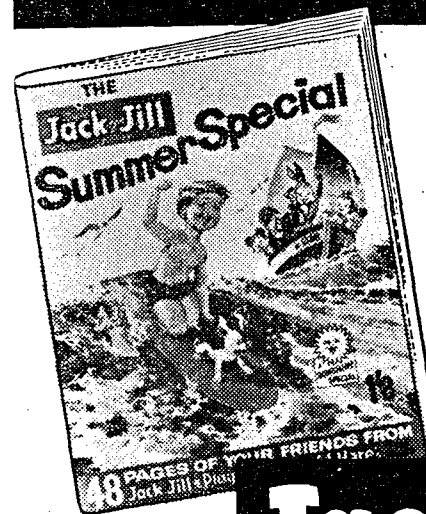
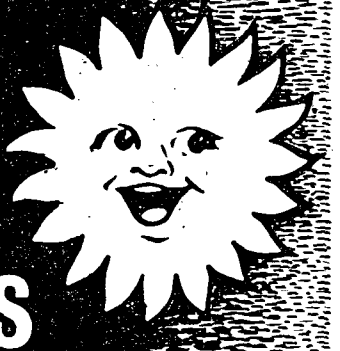
With the largest claws in the animal kingdom, it can slash through the hard outer casing of anthills and also work its way out of a concrete pit by tearing into the cracks in the walls. For safety, therefore, the Birmingham specimen was sent in a large oil drum.

"We turned the drum on its side," said Dr. Morris, "and out walked a young giant armadillo. It was a thrilling moment."

Even as a youngster he is enormous. He has settled down so comfortably that he is one of the Zoo's laziest creatures, as well as one of its rarest.



FUN FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS



Here's a jolly picture book for happy holiday reading. It's a real big treat and for only one shilling and sixpence. Favourite friends from Jack and Jill, Harold Hare's Weekly and Playhour. 48 pages of bright colour, puzzles and nature stories. It's a treat that'll add sunshine to the long summer days—it's the Jack and Jill Summer Special.

Jack and Jill SUMMER SPECIAL

On Sale Now
One Shilling
and Sixpence

FIREWORKS IN THE HEAVENS

Keep watch for a great display

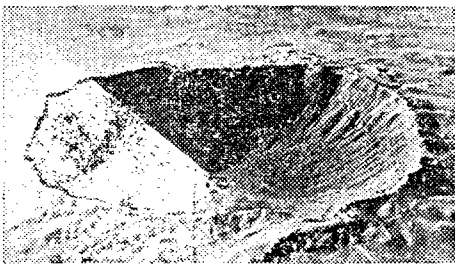
AUGUST is the month when we see our greatest annual display of astronomical fireworks. The Earth passes through the Perseid meteor swarm, and we witness a shower of shooting-stars. If you look up into the sky any dark, clear night during the first fortnight in August, you will be unlucky if you do not see several meteors every five minutes or so.

There is no direct connection between an ordinary star and a shooting-star. A star is a sun; indeed, our own Sun is nothing more than an undistinguished star, and appears so much brighter and hotter than the rest only because we are so much closer to it.

A meteor, on the other hand, is a small particle, usually smaller than a pin's head, moving round the Sun in the manner of a dwarf planet. In space, there is nothing to interfere with it, but if it comes too near the Earth it enters the upper atmosphere, rubs violently against the air-particles, sets up friction, and becomes hot. Within a second or two it destroys itself in the streak of radiation which we call a shooting-star.

Many meteors travel in shoals, and when we pass through a shoal we see a shower of shooting-stars. Actually, meteors travel in parallel paths; but perspective effects make it appear that all the shooting-stars in any particular shower come from the same point in the sky. This point is known as the "radiant." The radiant of the August shower of meteors lies in the constellation Perseus, hence their name, the Perseids.

To make this clear, imagine that



The great meteor crater in Arizona

you are standing on a bridge overlooking a straight, double-track road. The tracks of the road will seem to meet at a point in the distance, and cars coming along the different tracks will seem to spread out from this distant point, which we can term the "radiant of the roads."

Most meteors are completely destroyed in their headlong dash through the atmosphere, and burn out at a height of above 50 miles, finishing their earthward journey in the form of fine dust.

Rather different in nature are meteorites, which do not come from shooting-star showers, and may in fact be much more closely related to the minor planets or asteroids. They are larger bodies, and survive the drop, so that they fall as solid lumps. Some are small; many museums have collections of them—there is, for instance, an excellent collection in the Geological Museum in South

Kensington. Others are huge, and the largest known, that of Hoba West in Africa, weighs over 60 tons. It fell in prehistoric times, as did the Arizona Meteor, in the United States, which caused a crater about a mile across and 600 feet deep.

Different again are micro-meteors, which may be termed "interplanetary dust." They are too small to cause luminous effects when they enter the atmosphere, even though they may be moving as fast as visible meteors—that is

LOOKING AT THE SKY WITH PATRICK MOORE

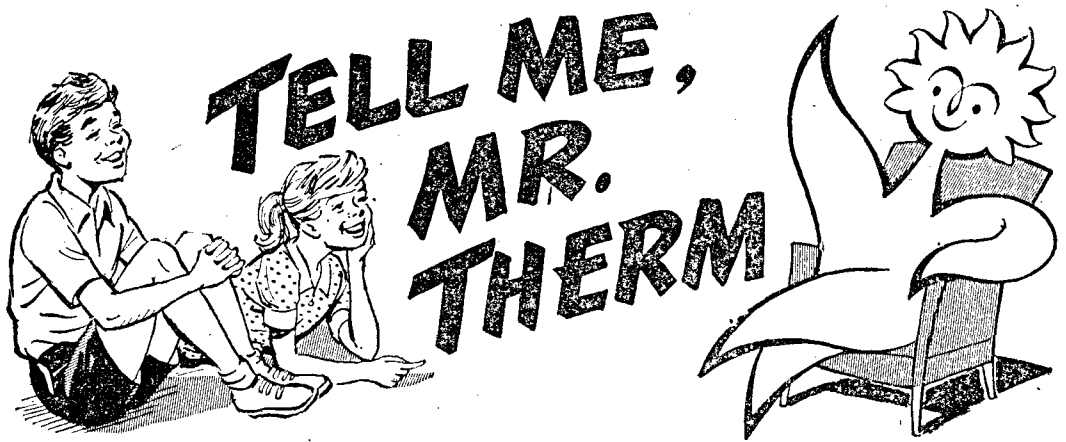
to say, at anything up to 45 miles per second. Recent studies of them have been made by means of rockets.

Any rocket which ventures above the atmosphere will be bombarded by micro-meteors, and the hits can be recorded. But generally speaking, micro-meteors are too small to cause much damage to interplanetary vehicles; but there are strong suspicions that two Russian rockets, Lunik III and the 1961 Venus probe, were hit by larger bodies, which damaged their transmitting apparatus.

We must also consider those strange objects known as tektites, which are found only in certain areas of the Earth, notably Australia. They seem

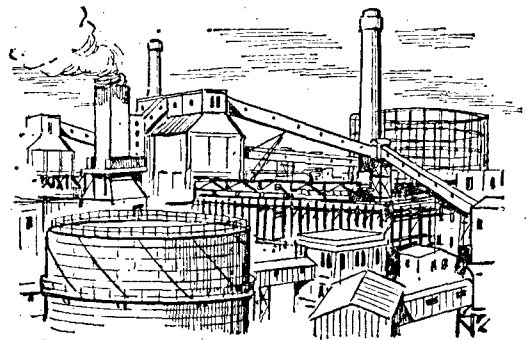
to come from outer space, but they have evidently been heated twice, once at an early stage in their careers and once by friction as they fell through the atmosphere. It has been suggested, though by no means proved, that tektites were hurled out of old volcanoes on the Moon. Not all authorities agree on this, but at least we can be sure that tektites are exceptional objects, and they remain something of a mystery. They look insignificant, but scientists would very much like to know how they were produced!

Meteor studies are of great importance, and are extremely interesting. Moreover, amateurs have done valuable work in the past, and there is still a good deal that they can do to help. So look out for the Perseids during the next few days; the Moon will not be in the sky to interfere, and we should be treated to a fine display of cosmic fireworks.

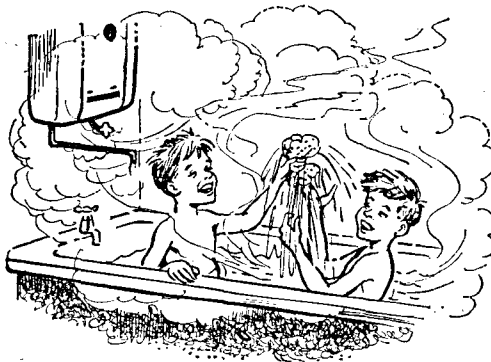


HOW IS GAS MADE ?

GAS can be produced from oil and other sources, but most of it is still made from coal. After the raw coal comes to the gasworks, it is fed into enclosed chambers or ovens (retorts) and baked. During the baking it is subjected to temperatures of 1,000 degrees C. The coal softens, and gas, tar, sulphur and ammonia are driven off in the form of a thick, brown smoke. This smoke then passes in a continuous process through various apparatus where the chemical products are extracted, and the gas is cleaned and purified for home and factory use. The residue left in the retorts is coke, and this is then cleaned and graded for domestic, industrial and agricultural purposes.



WHY IS GAS BEST AT BATHTIME ?



IN many families—where a lot of people want baths—and there's washing up to be done as well, enough hot water is a real problem. There's really only one sure way to have all you want, whenever you want it, and without waiting, and that's with an instantaneous gas water heater. You see, gas heats the water as it flows through the appliance. There's no business of storage tanks. With gas, you just turn on the hot water tap, and even if you run it for 24 hours—only don't, Mummy will be cross—the water will never get cold. Yes, with gas you have lots and lots of hot water always. That's why gas is best at bathtime.

Issued by the Gas Council.

HERE'S OUR SUPER COMPETITION!

HOW TO ENTER

Add one letter in each empty space to complete the words in the panels—they are all objects shown in the picture.

List the six answers neatly on a postcard, add your full name, age and address, ask a parent or guardian to sign it as your own unaided work, then post it to:

Tell Me, Mr. Therm No. 6, Children's Newspaper, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Mr. Therm will award £2 2s. Book Tokens for the three nearest correct entries (with writing according to age taken into consideration) received by Friday, 18th August, and his decision is final.

FIRST "TELL ME" WINNERS!
The winners of our Tell Me, Mr. Therm Competition No. 1 were Wendy Crossley of Wakefield, Anne Ridler of Sawbridge-worth, and Philip Cole of Christchurch.



DI CU I P KE FL G
WH ST E AT H CU

GAS-THE FRIENDLY FUEL

Everyone was nervous but me

ASTRONAUT GRISSOM'S OWN STORY OF HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

What did it feel like to hurtle through space at 5,310 miles an hour? What were his reactions when his capsule sank beneath him and he had to swim for it? Captain Virgil Grissom, third man in space, answers these questions in this description of his adventure, told in his own racy style.

DURING those last weeks and days before launch I really felt good. The team was working together and working well. If anything was building up inside me, it was only that I was anxious. I was ready, the capsule was nearly ready, and I kept wanting it to go tomorrow.

I got pretty impatient whenever some technician came up with a change that might cause a delay. My main concern was that something might happen to prevent me from making the flight, so I was more cautious than usual.

Time to get up

I slept like a brick for over four hours and woke up wondering what time it was and what the weather was like. Just then our flight surgeon, Bill Douglas, came in and sat down on the bed. He just sat there for a few moments. When he saw me looking at him he said simply, "Well, get up."

When he gave me my physical, Bill wouldn't believe my blood pressure count. "It can't be this low," he said. "Well, I'll try to boost it up a little bit, if you want," I replied. "No," Bill said, "but I think you ought to be just a little excited." I have to admit I wasn't.

Just before breakfast I had a short session with George Ruff, our consultant head shrinker (psychiatrist). He made me recite

my feelings, and then we played little games with words and numbers.

I can't remember anything unusual about this routine task except that everyone was grinning or winking at me. They seemed to feel they had to say something or respond in some way, and I thought to myself that they looked pretty shaky. It tickled me to realise that everyone was nervous but me.

The word to go to the gantry came at 5 a.m. I stepped out of the van, glanced at the tall, white Redstone Rocket, and headed for the elevator.

Just then all the fellows working around the pad started to applaud, and I'll have to admit this moved me a little.

Friendly faces

Friendly faces showed through the scope. Just before they bolted on the hatch, the gantry personnel stuck their hands in to bid me goodbye and Glenn, my fellow astronaut, slipped me a note which said he hoped I'd have a good trip.

The launch was scrubbed that day, too, and I was pretty disappointed after four hours in the couch and the thought of another 48 hours on the Cape. But I felt sure we'd get it off the next time around. We did.

Lift-off was very smooth. The bird lighted and I started right up, nice and easy, just as Al Shepard had predicted. There was nothing violent about it. I looked for a little buffeting as I climbed to 36,000 ft. and was moving through Mach 1, the speed of sound.

Riding high

Al had experienced a little difficulty here. His vision was blurred and the whole vehicle shook a lot. But we had made some good improvements and the Redstone rode much better this time.

In a black sky one bright star. When I went through the thin layer of cirrus clouds and out into the sun, the sky became blue, then a deeper blue, and then, quite suddenly, it turned black and through the periscope I saw a star.

The flight went almost exactly according to plan. I had a little trouble with the manual control system—the capsule didn't respond to my movements as well as I thought it should—and the cloud cover was such that I couldn't get a good view of the land masses.



Virgil Grissom safe after his flight—and his ducking.

Even so, the look back down, with the gradations of colour from the top of the sky down to the horizon, was wonderful.

The re-entry was uneventful. Both the drogue and the main chute came out right on schedule, and the sight made me feel good.

After we'd hit the water and I'd checked my instruments, I was just lying there minding my own business when the hatch blew. All of a sudden I saw nothing but blue sky and water coming in over the sill. I'd pulled the safety pin out of the switch that would blow off the hatch, but I hadn't thrown the switch itself. Seeing that hatch go was the biggest shock I've had in a long time.

Low in the water

I tossed off my helmet and pulled myself right out the open hatch. I was in the water almost immediately, riding high in the suit with the water up to my armpits. I understand Al Shepard said I was a good floater. I'm the best.

Things got a little messy while I was in the water. The helicopter that was going to pull up the capsule almost got pulled under itself. There were three other helicopters hovering around trying to get in close enough to scoop me up, and the wash kicked up by their rotors made it a little rough to swim.

Some ocean was coming in through an open hose connection in my suit, and I was getting a little low in the water.

Finally one of those Marine pilots sneaked in there in all the confusion and I got hold of the sling. I was glad to go up, but I hated to see that capsule finally go down. In all the time I've been a pilot, that's the first thing I've ever lost.

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MOVING WILD ANIMALS IN SAFETY

Joy Adamson, author of *Born Free*, the famous book about Elsa the lioness, has launched a campaign to save wild animals from extinction by moving them to game preserves. Funds collected will be used for purchasing anaesthetics to drug the animals so that they can be easily moved.

Joy Adamson is devoting part of her own royalties to equipping animal rescue teams.

Strolling players at Youth Hostels

A band of strolling players, youth hostellers all, will soon be enjoying a fortnight's holiday in Gloucestershire. And like the strolling players of old, they will play as they go, performing at Youth Hostels or in barns and village halls.

They are calling themselves the Rucksack Theatre Company, and the play they have chosen is "Maria Marten, or the Murder in the Red Barn," a Victorian melodrama which nowadays causes fewer shudders than of yore.

Starting on 19th August at Duntisbourne Abbots, near Cirencester, they will spend a week at rehearsals, learning their parts and getting word perfect. Then, during the second week, they will walk from hostel to hostel, though the "props" will go on ahead by motor transport. The only other difference from the

old-time strolling players will be that instead of earning a few shillings they will pay for their holiday, like all other Youth Hostellers.

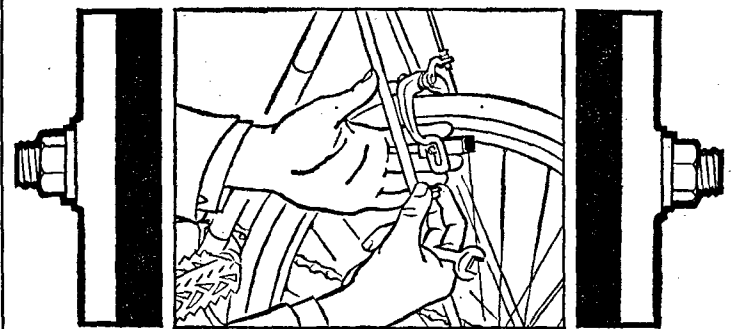
The tour will end at St. Briavels Youth Hostel, a Norman castle in the Wye Valley which must often have been visited by strolling players in the past.

Easy-to-make skyscraper



This model skyscraper constructed from a building kit has been proving a great attraction in a toy shop in London's West End

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brake blocks for your bike...
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GRANDSTAND VIEW



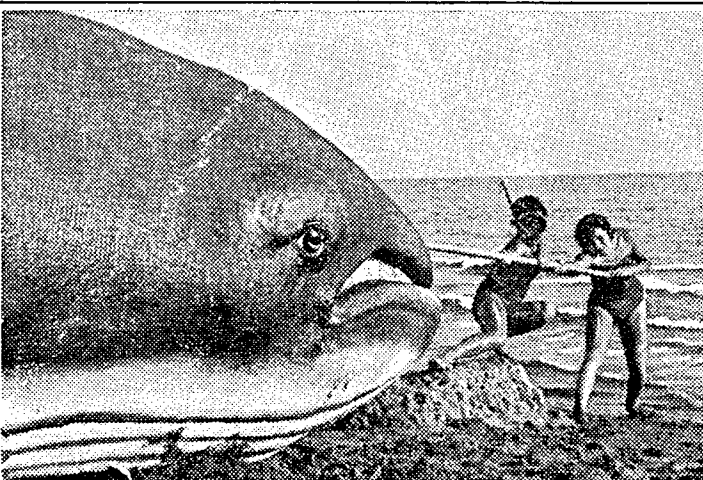
Nicholas Jeffrey proudly wears his father's cap while sitting on a hydrant and watching a fire-fighting display by London's private brigades.

Out and about with the cameramen



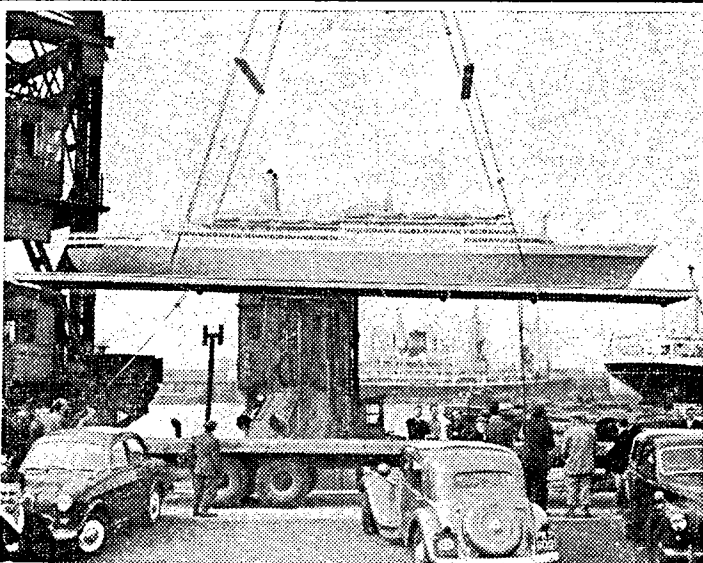
One who kept his head

This boy found an empty pedestal and decided to fill the gap in a line of headless statues in the Forum at Rome.



Having a whale of a time

The two girls thought they had found a whale on the beach at Anzio, near Rome; but it was only a plastic model for a film.



Biggest model for longest pier

This 40-foot model of the s.s. Rotterdam, claimed to be the world's biggest model ship, was on its way to exhibition at the entrance to the world's longest pier, at Southend. The Rotterdam is flagship of the Holland-America Line.



SAYING THANKS IN A BIG WAY

COSSACK'S DELIGHT



When members of the Moscow State Circus visited the Festival Gardens at Battersea, one of the Cossack riders sampled the candy floss.

SUN POWER



American apparatus for collecting the Sun's energy and turning it into electricity.

The crew of the U.S. aircraft carrier Lake Champlain formed themselves into living letters on the flight deck to spell out their thanks after enjoying a visit to Quebec.



MOTHER AND SON

Belinda the hippo produced a calf at Whipsnade Zoo last month. She is here seen proudly escorting her youngster, Henry, during his first public appearance.



Putting his feet up

Unusual camera angle on a British soldier having a rest and a bite by the wayside. He is one of a party making a 25-day march across Germany from Bedburg, near Cologne, to Blenheim on the Danube. This commemorates the 390-mile march made by English and Dutch troops, under the Duke of Marlborough, which ended in the great victory over the French at Blenheim on the 13th of August, 1704.

In the Icy Land of Fire

ICELAND, where I have just spent a fortnight, is one of the most remarkable countries in the world. Though it lies almost within the Arctic Circle and contains the largest glacier in Europe, it has a climate not much colder than the north of Scotland. As well as glaciers, it has volcanoes and hot springs.

Though it counts as part of Europe it is in fact much nearer to Greenland, which is part of North America. From Iceland to Greenland it is only 215 miles, but the nearest point in Scotland is 520 miles away. Although most of its wild animals and plants are European, there are also some American ones, and this is what makes European naturalists specially interested in visiting Iceland.

The three birds that breed in Iceland but nowhere else in Europe, because they are really North American birds, are the harlequin duck, Barrow's golden-eye duck, and the great northern diver or loon. Both ducks can be found on or near the great lake of Myvatn in northern Iceland, breeding-place of 14 different kinds of duck, more than on any other lake in Europe.

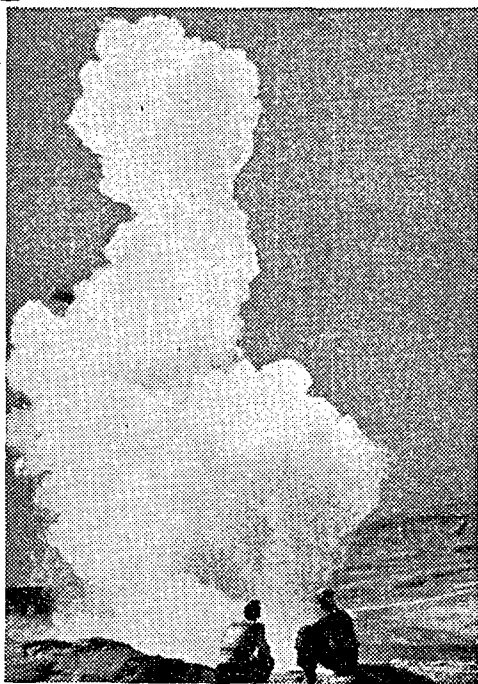
The harlequin is a most attractive little duck. The drake's plumage has a harlequin pattern of navy blue, chestnut, and white spots and lines. Harlequins prefer rivers to lakes, and are very fond of dancing up and down the numerous little waterfalls in the swift rivers of Iceland.

The great northern diver is a not uncommon Winter visitor to our own coasts, but although it has sometimes been sus-

pected of breeding in the northern and western isles of Scotland it has never been proved to do so, and you must still go to Iceland to study its breeding habits.

Other attractions of Iceland for the bird-watcher are the white-tailed or sea eagle, the Iceland race of the gyr-falcon which in many British bird books is called the Iceland falcon, pink-footed and greylag geese, whooper swans, and the teeming bird cliffs of the Westmann Islands and many parts of the mainland.

The last time a volcano erupted in Iceland was in 1947-48, when Mount Hekla did so. But large parts of the centre and south-west of Iceland are covered with barren

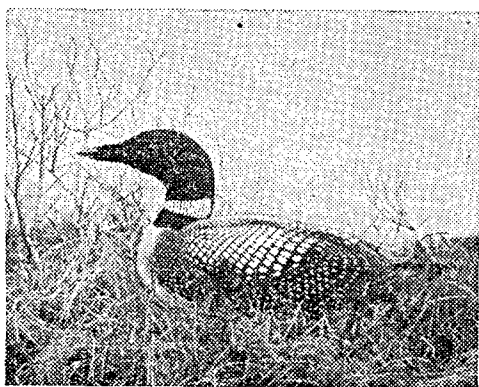


Iceland's Great Geyser

lava-flows, the solidified remains of the lava that emerged from volcanoes or fissures in the ground hundreds or thousands of years ago. Indeed, so barren are many parts of Iceland as a result of volcanic activity that the landscape is often compared with that of the Moon. (Soon, perhaps, somebody will be able to tell us if it is a fair comparison!)

Closely associated with the volcanoes are the many hot springs and gushers, including the biggest of all, the Great Geyser, which has given its name to all geysers, including the bathroom one. The Great Geyser rarely performs, but when it did it could throw hot water 180 feet into the air. In some places you can have a nice warm bath among the rocks, and in others great jets of steam emerge from the ground, which the Icelanders use both for heating their homes and their greenhouses.

RICHARD FITTER



The Great Northern Diver G. K. Yeates

ON RECORD New discs to note

BING CROSBY: *101 Gang Songs* on Warner Bros. WM4034. As Bing is at present working in Britain on another "Road" film this seems a suitable time to mention this recording. There are over 50 songs on this disc yet Bing's unhurried manner never gives an impression of undue haste from one to another. There will be many a "gang" who will enjoy singing with Bing such old friends as *Big Rock Candy Mountain* and *The Bluebells of Scotland*. (LP. 35s. 9½d.)

VAN CLIBURN: *MacDowell 2nd Piano Concerto and Prokofiev 3rd Piano Concerto* on RCA RB16244. This record gives an opportunity to hear the MacDowell concerto which is seldom played. It was in fact with this work that Van Cliburn made his debut at the age of 17 and he emphasises the romantic aspect very well. The Prokofiev concerto provides the ideal contrast, with its brilliant use of piano technique. (LP. 38s. 1½d.)

THE ALLISONS: *Are You Sure* etc. on Philips TFE17339. These two boys who achieved fame from the start show that they mean to continue on the road to success with four contrasted songs on this extended-play. (EP. 12s. 3d.)

ROSSINI: *Overtures* on Philips GBL5587. Francesco Molinari-

Pradelli conducts the Vienna Symphony Orchestra in this selection of Rossini Overtures which includes two great favourites, *The Barber of Seville* and *The Thieving Magpie*. A first-class performance. (LP. 22s. 6d.)



ROSEMARY SQUIRES: *Our Little Doggie Ran Away* on HMV POP897. This is a sweet little story about a runaway dog. Rose-



mary sings as delightfully as ever though one feels she was a little careless. (45. 6s. 4d.)

MAX JAFFA: *Music From The Palm Court* on Columbia SEG 8091. Regular listeners to the Max Jaffa Trio will already be familiar with the beautiful 'cello playing of Reginald Kilby. This is heard to great advantage in *Beautiful Dreamer*, and Max himself gives us *Waltzing In The Clouds* delightfully. (EP. 10s. 7½d.)

ALMA COGAN: *With You In Mind* on Columbia 33SX1345. For her first Columbia long-player Alma sings the songs she loves—the old ones which have stood the test of time. She is at her best with such melodies as *All I Do Is Dream Of You*. (LP. 34s. 1½d.)

VERA LYNN: *May Your Heart Stay Young Forever* on MGM 1134. This is a smooth, sincere ballad, ideal for this singer whose heart and voice have always been young. Her many admirers will agree that this is one of her best recordings in recent months. (45. 6s.)

KIT CARSON—PIONEER HERO OF AMERICA'S WILD WEST (8)

The missionaries asked for help against Indians who were sheltering runaway servants. The trappers

could not refuse, for they were trapping the missionaries' beavers. So the leader, Young, sent Kit with

a party to demand the runaways' return. The Indian chief threatened to scalp the white men.



SOME MONTHS LATER THE TRAPPERS REACHED LOS ANGELES WITH A RICH HAUL OF SKINS. THE MEXICANS DEMANDED THEIR PASSPORTS.



YOUNG KNEW THE MEXICANS WERE ONLY WAITING THEIR CHANCE.



MUST THE TRAPPERS LOSE THEIR HARD-WON STORE OF SKINS? SEE NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT



JUST LIKE JENNINGS

by Anthony Buckeridge

Having broken one of a pair of vases belonging to Mr. Wilkins, Jennings wins what he believes to be a replica by entering a cake baked by his aunt for a competition at the church bazaar. The awards are being presented by the headmaster, who is amazed when Jennings appears to claim his prize.

24. Fair exchange

MR. PEMBERTON-OAKES was not a man who normally betrayed his feelings, but now his jaw dropped slightly and he clutched the table in front of him. "Jennings!" he breathed in a scandalised whisper. "What—what are you doing up here, boy?"

"Please, sir, I've come to collect my prize."

"What ever are you talking about! This is the home-made cake contest. Go away at once."

"But, sir . . ."

"Jennings, will you do as you're told!" Mr. Pemberton-Oakes went hot and cold with mortification. "Go away, boy, go away," he muttered. "This prize has been won by a Miss Birkinshaw. She'll be coming up here at any moment."

Jennings stood his ground. "She's here now," he explained. "That is—I mean—well, I am Miss Birkinshaw in a manner of speaking, sir."

A tremor of embarrassment shuddered through the headmaster's tall frame. Really, this boy was impossible! "Leave this rostrum at once," he hissed. "At once, do you hear!"

"But, sir . . ."

Miss Thorpe explains

Jennings was almost in tears at the injustice of his fate. He threw an appealing glance at Miss Thorpe who, until that moment, had been too busy thumbing through her note-book to pay much attention to the conversation between master and pupil. Now, she hastened to put matters right.

"Yes, it's all quite in order, Mr. Pemberton-Oakes," she chirruped. "This is the boy who brought the cake for Miss Birkinshaw."

"She's my aunt, you see, sir," Jennings explained. "She cooked it and I paid the sixpence and put it in."

"Indeed! Well, I . . . Bless my soul!" said the headmaster. "Well—er—in that case, Jennings, here's your prize." He thrust the green china vase into the boy's outstretched hands.

"Thank you very much, sir," Jennings replied.

Clutching the vase to his chest he turned away and was about to

descend the steps when Miss Thorpe called him back. "And don't forget to pick up your cake on your way out," she said.

"My cake? You mean I can have that back as well as the prize?"

"Oh yes. Once the competition is over we have no further use for the exhibits."

Darbishire was waiting beside the bottled fruits when Jennings forced his way back through the crowd, bearing his cake in one hand and his vase in the other.

There was no point in staying while the rest of the prizes were distributed, and in any case they had other business to attend to.

RASHID TO THE RESCUE

by

Constance M. White

A thrilling story of a Pakistani boy who braves many dangers for the honour of his family.

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

"We'll go and give Old Wilkie his precious pot right away," Jennings decided, edging towards the exit. "It'll just about make his day for him, won't it!"

Unaware of the treat in store, Mr. Wilkins stood chatting to Mr. Carter outside the refreshment tent. A voice sounded at his elbow.

"Sir, please, sir. May I speak to you, sir?"

Glancing down he saw Jennings standing beside him, his face wreathed in smiles and his hands held behind his back as though clasping some concealed object. Nearby, Darbishire, with a large, round cake tin in his arms, stood nodding encouragement at his friend.

Shock for Mr Wilkins

"What is it, Jennings?" the master inquired.

"Well, sir, you remember I accidentally broke one of your unique antiques a few days ago?"

"I certainly do."

"And you said I wouldn't be able to find another one to match it, didn't you, sir?"

Mr. Wilkins nodded.

"Well, I have found one!" The boy's eyes sparkled with triumph as he produced the china vase from behind his back and held it

proudly aloft. "There, sir! Isn't it a beauty?"

Mr. Wilkins looked at the vase. Then he recoiled slightly and closed his eyes. "Oh, no!" he groaned.

The two boys stared at him in dismay.

"What's the matter, sir?" Jennings faltered.

For a moment Mr. Wilkins continued to look pained. "Where did you get this repulsive piece of crockery?" he demanded.

"The same vase"

Puzzled, the boy asked: "Don't you like it, then, sir?"

"Like it!" Mr. Wilkins echoed. "I can't stand the sight of the thing. I—I . . ." He turned to his colleague with a sigh of despair. "Oh, you tell them, Carter. This is getting beyond me."

Mr. Carter took the vase from Jennings and examined it with interest. Patiently he said: "What Mr. Wilkins means, Jennings, is that this—er—handsome ornament is not merely a replica of the vase you saw on the staff room table—it's the same one. He gave it to the bazaar committee to use as a prize because he didn't want it."

There was a moment of reproachful silence. Jennings' face clouded and his shoulders drooped in dejection. Suddenly he turned back to Mr. Wilkins with an expression of renewed hope on his face.

"Sir, please, sir, I've just thought of something," he said. "If you don't want your vase back, please would you accept Aunt Angela's cake instead?"

"Aunt Angela's cake?" Mr. Wilkins looked blank.

"This one, sir," Jennings exclaimed, taking the tin from Darbishire and thrusting it under the master's nose for his inspection. "You see, this was the cake I put in for the competition to win the prize to get you your vase, sir. Do have it, please, sir!"

"A wonderful cake"

Boys were such extraordinary creatures, Mr. Wilkins thought; they made such an issue of unimportant trifles. So far as he was concerned he didn't want his vase back, neither was he hungry for fruit cake studded with nuts. But the sight of Jennings gazing up at him made him realise that the boy was taking the matter very much to heart.

"H'm. Well, fancy that," he said in kindly tones. "It certainly looks a wonderful cake, Jennings."

"And you'll take it instead of the vase, sir?"

"If you insist. Thank you very much."



Jennings produced his penknife and divided Aunt Angela's cake into seven enormous slices

Jennings thrust the cake tin into Mr. Wilkins' hands and hopped up and down with pleasure and relief.

At that moment Venables, Atkinson, and Temple trotted up on their way to the refreshment tent. They stopped short when they saw Mr. Wilkins with the open cake tin in his hands.

"Coo, what's going on?" Temple demanded. "Isn't that the cake your aunt sent you, Jen? Because if it is you promised us a hunk, let me kindly remind you, and what's more we never got it."

Jennings gave him an apologetic smile. "Sorry, but it's too late now. I've given it all to Mr. Wilkins."

Temple stared at him in bewilderment. Had Jennings gone out

of his mind? One slice for a master on tea duty was a fairly common bequest; but to give the whole article to a member of the staff was unheard of!

Mr. Wilkins observed their surprise and said with a smile: "How would it be if we all had some?"

"What—now, sir?" exclaimed Atkinson.

"Why not! A home-made cake like this is better than anything you're likely to get in the refreshment tent."

So they all sat down on the grass—Mr. Carter, Mr. Wilkins, Jennings, Darbishire, Venables, Atkinson, and Temple. Jennings produced his penknife and divided

Continued on page 10



HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Early in the nineteenth century, women and children were employed in the mines to push the trucks of coal. They often had to crawl on all fours through the low, narrow galleries. Nowadays most of the coal is carried on endless moving belts of rubber.

Dunlop make special belting for use in mines. This is flame-proof and built with extra strength to stand up to the strain of heavy, rough loads. Dunlop also make belting for use in quarries and in factories—for carrying all kinds of materials quickly from point to point.

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An extra stamp to help a good cause

AN unusual method is used in Yugoslavia to raise funds for the Red Cross. For one week in the Summer of each year every letter must be franked by a special 2-dinar stamp in addition to the ordinary stamps which pay the postage. Money from the sale of these stamps is given to Red Cross funds.

What happens, you may ask, if someone forgets to put one of these special stamps on a letter he is posting? Well, the Yugoslav Post Office has an answer to that. Before the postman delivers the letter he sticks a special 2-dinar postage-due stamp on it and col-

The design of the 1961 stamps symbolises the blood transfusion service by showing two arms linked together.

Unfortunately, these interesting stamps are used only on internal mail and not on letters going outside Yugoslavia. In mint condition, however, they should not cost more than a few pence.

A SIMILAR scheme was used in West Germany several years ago to raise funds in aid of the people of West Berlin.

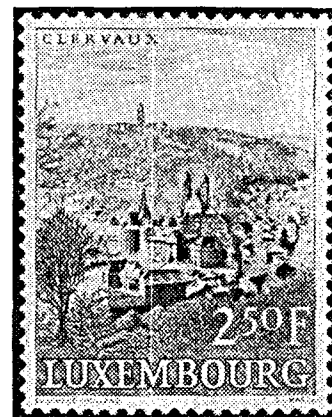
During 1948 and 1949 the Communists prevented road and rail traffic from reaching West Berlin, which is entirely surrounded by the Communist State of East Germany. The British and American air forces thereupon ran the famous Berlin Air Lift to carry supplies from West Germany into the beleaguered city.

For nearly a year West Berlin was supplied with food, fuel, and other necessities by the Air Lift. To help to pay for it little blue 2-pfennig labels were issued. One of these had to be placed on every piece of mail posted for delivery inside West Germany.

At first some of the labels were imperforate and they may also be found with two different watermarks, wavy lines or the letters DP, standing for Deutsche Post (German Post).

The Notopfer Berlin (Aid to Berlin) labels were sold from 1949 to 1956, so many millions of them are still in existence. They are an interesting souvenir of an anxious and difficult time.

MANY British holidaymakers will this Summer be visiting the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which lies between Belgium,



France, and Germany, and includes part of the great forest of the Ardennes, the scene of bitter fighting towards the end of the Second World War. The chief town they will see in this part of the Grand Duchy, is Clervaux, which boasts



an old castle, a beautiful parish church, and an historic abbey.

A view of Clervaux appears on a striking new stamp from Luxemburg; and others have a portrait of the Grand Duchess Charlotte, who has ruled over this little country since 1919. C. W. HILL

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lects the money for this from the person to whom the letter is delivered. The special stamps have exactly the same design as the Red Cross stamps, except for the addition of the word "Porto," meaning "Postage Due."

37 MILLION STITCHES

There are over 37 million stitches and 360 miles of wool in a series of tapestries on view until 27th August at the Commonwealth Institute, South Kensington. Made by members of the East Africa Women's League, the tapestries illustrate the everyday life of Kenya's people and the history of their country for 500 years—from Vasco da Gama's arrival off the coast in 1498 to the Queen Mother's visit in 1958.

Continued from page 9

JUST LIKE JENNINGS

Aunt Angela's cake into seven enormous slices.

After the first bite Mr. Carter said: "Your aunt certainly knows how to make a good cake, Jennings."

"Hear, hear," grinned Darbishire. "If you ask me, this is the best part of the whole bazaar. They ought to make a special announcement: *Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Birkinshaw's famous cake disappears by kind permission of Mr. Wilkins.*"

Mr. Carter had a suggestion to make. "If you don't want your sole surviving vase back, Wilkins, why not let Jennings send it to his aunt as a thank offering?"

"Oh, sir, could I? How fantastic!" the boy exclaimed in delight.

"I think that's a splendid idea, Carter." Now in excellent spirits, Mr. Wilkins beamed round the assembled company of cake-eaters

and went on with rising enthusiasm. "We'll make a parcel of it as soon as we get home."

Jennings swallowed his last remnant of cake and jumped to his feet. "Come on, Darbi. We haven't had a chance to see anything yet."

"Righto. What shall we do first?"

Looking into the future

Jennings scratched his nose thoughtfully. "We'll go and have our fortunes told. It's only sixpence."

"Coo yes, super!"

"She might look into her crystal ball and tell us really important things about the future: like, say, for instance, whether we'll become famous astronauts or play cricket for England in ten years' time when we're grown up."

Together the two friends scampered away to Madame Olivera's

little tent to find out what the future held in store.

Mr. Carter sat watching till the tent flap closed behind them. Then he turned to his colleague with a wan smile. "Just like Jennings—expecting the moon for his sixpence!" he said.

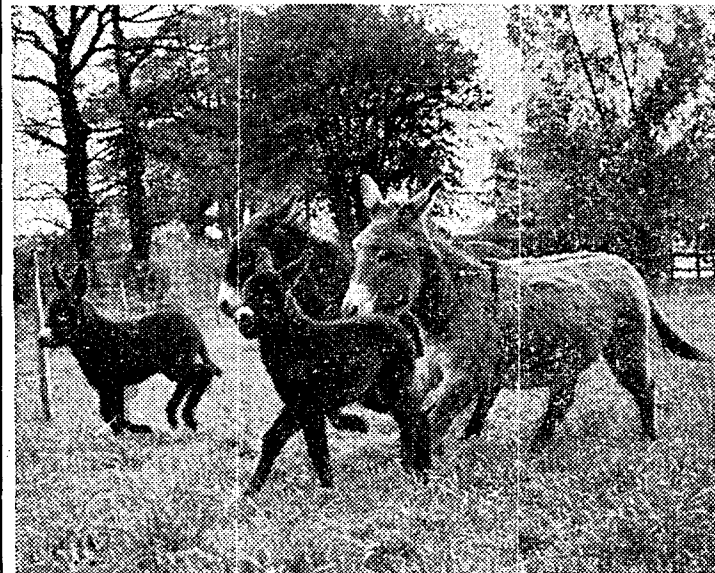
Mr. Wilkins laughed. "I expect she'll give him his money's worth, right enough."

"I doubt it," Mr. Carter replied solemnly, and rose to his feet. "It would take a better fortune teller than Miss Tubbs of the Linbury Stores bacon counter—with or without her crystal ball—to predict what Master Jennings will be up to this time next week—let alone ten years hence!"

The end

"Just Like Jennings" will be published later this year by Messrs. Wm. Collins Sons & Co.

DONKEY RACE FOR FOUR



Two donkeys, Flossy and Fanny, produced foals at about the same time not long ago. Named Friday and Funday, the youngsters like to run races with their mums down on their farm in Kent.

PUZZLE PARADE

ADDING TO THE TREES

ADD a letter to the fir to make something hot.

A letter added to lime will make it muddy.

A part of a ship is formed by adding a letter to the elm.

Add a letter to get a workman from the elder.

One letter to pine will form the backbone.

AN ODD BIRD

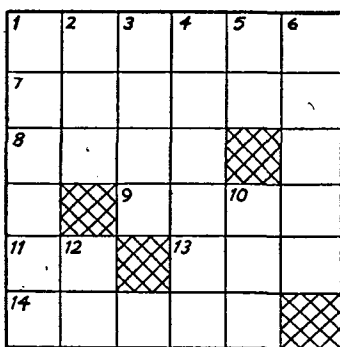
Which of the following birds is out of place among its companions?

Cuckoo, fieldfare, martin, nightingale, swallow, swift.

Figure out the letter

Below are given eight of the nine letters in a word which means to have enlarged. The figure indicates the position of the missing letter in the completed word. Now see how quickly you can solve the puzzle.

A C E
N 7 R
D I E



Answer next week

CROSS-MOT PUZZLE

How good is your French? In this Anglo-French puzzle the words across are French and the words down are English. Clues are in English for French words, and in French for English words. Even if you do not know all the French words, you should still find them; in fact, this is quite a good way of learning them.

READING ACROSS. 1 Strawberry. 7 Cut down (plural). 8 (You) are. 9 Eats a meal. 11 101 in Roman numerals. 13 Ten. 14 A place for travellers.

READING DOWN. 1 Français. 2 Pourriture. 3 Agé. 4 Dedans. 5 Points cardinaux. 6 Comté d'Angleterre. 10 Rien. 12 Au milieu du lion.

Spot the animal

My first is in yellow and also in gold,

My second's in new but not in old.

My third is in sailor and also in boat,

My fourth is in sheep but not in goat.

My fifth is in railway and also in train,

My sixth is in road but not in lane.

My seventh's in saddle, in bridle, too—

My whole is an animal seen at the zoo!

The chaffinch who was scared

YOUNG Jill Chaffinch was scared of people. It began when a birds-nesting boy tore at their nesting bush in the lane, and frightened Jill and the others out of the nest a day too soon.

Then he tried to catch Jill. She got away, but though the others got over their fright, she had too much to remember.

One late summer morning a car pulled into the lane. The family party in it were on their way to spend the day in some famous gardens, and got out now to eat "elevenses."

Jill hid in a blackberry bush, but unfortunately the children spied some ripe berries, and came to pick them.

Out flew Jill in a panic, and swerved bang against the open car boot. Down she fell behind the tool kit with the breath knocked out of her. And before she got it back the boot was shut, with Jill unnoticed, and the car on its way.

But happily the warmth lulled

her to sleep, and she only woke when the picnic basket was being removed from the car boot outside the gardens.

In the bustle she managed to flit out unseen, and over the wall into the gardens. There, to her amazement, she saw chaffinches and other birds feeding fearlessly on scraps offered by the people picnicking on the benches.

"If that is how to get food here I shall certainly starve," she cried hungrily.

A garden chaffinch overheard her, and after listening to her story, said: "People here won't hurt you. But if you cannot stop being scared, follow me."

She led her to a little bin beside an empty bench, and inside Jill found bits of bun, biscuits, apple cores, and other tasty morsels.

And now, although Jill is losing her fears, she still feeds mostly in deserted litter bins.

JANE THORNICROFT

Hidden island in the Mediterranean

Can you find the answer to each of the following clues? If you do so correctly you will find that the initial letters will form the name of an island in the Mediterranean.

At the beginning of Crete.
Two-sixths of an English University city.

... de Janeiro.

In the Channel Islands.

Chief river of Pakistan.

County in Eire.

A great continent.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

LEGAL AFA
EAR ORION
AGE SIREN
EBBED O
FREE ENVY
A EERIE
SPICA END
TIGHT CUE
STY SHEEN

Adding to the trees. Fir-e; s-lime; h-elm; w-elder; s-pine. An odd bird. The fieldfare, which is a Winter visitor to Britain. Figure out the letter. Increased. Spot the animal. Leopard. Hidden island in the Mediterranean. C; Ox(ford); Rio; Sark; Indus; Carlow; America—CORSIKA.

ALL CHANGE!

1 vote, veto. 2 diary, dairy. 3 filed, field. 4 stare, tears. 5 prefect, perfect. 6 rove, over.

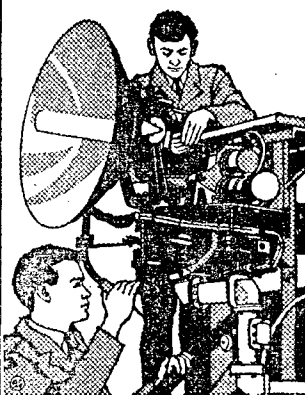
ALL CHANGE!

In this word puzzle, the two incomplete words in each sentence are anagrams; that is, they consist of the same letters re-arranged. The dots stand for the missing letters. Example: danger, ranged.

Answers are given above

- Each committee member has a v... and we hope no one will v... the resolution.
- I have made a note in my d... to call at the d....
- The children f.... from the playing f.... into the classroom.
- He continued to s.... at her until she burst into t....
- It is up to every school p..... to see that p..... behaviour is maintained.
- Gypsies are people who r... all o... the countryside.

From 15,
you can learn
a good trade
in today's
R.A.F.



APPRENTICES

You must be 15-17 and be able to pass the entrance exam. (G.C.E. in specified subjects exempts you from this exam.) Your trade training is very thorough and, when you finish your training you will be a fully qualified tradesman. Apprentices qualify as Junior Technicians and, at 17½, earn about £9 a week, all found. The prospects of promotion are good—you can earn £1,000 a year before you are 30.

BOY ENTRANTS

You must be 15½-16½ (15-17 in exceptional cases) and have a good trade aptitude. Your training lasts 18 months and includes general education as well as the theory and practice of your chosen trade. After qualifying you will be doing a man's job at a man's pay—and be earning, at 17½, £7.7.0. a week, all found.

If you are under 15, this is the time to find out what future the R.A.F. offers you. If you're over 17½, you can still learn a trade with the R.A.F. by joining as an aircraftman.

Write before
August 31 to:—

R.A.F. Careers Information Centre (CS776B)
Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

You will be sent free booklets giving full details, and the excellent pay rates, of the many exciting trades in today's R.A.F.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

DATE OF BIRTH.....

THE FUTURE IS WITH
THE R.A.F.

★ WATCHES TO BE WON!

How would you like to be the proud owner of one of the attractive wrist watches shown here? FIVE are being offered as First Prizes in this free competition, open to all CN readers under 17 living in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands. Book Tokens will be awarded to ten runners-up.

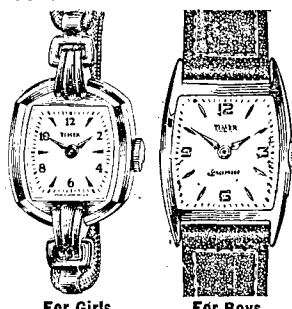
HOW TO ENTER: In the illustration below we show eight famous buildings and structures. All you have to do is say in which country each one is to be found. No doubt you will recognise many of them at a glance, but to help you here is a list of countries among which are all the correct answers: England, Germany, India, France, Turkey, Ceylon, United States of America, Greece, Italy, Spain, Egypt, Australia, Pakistan, Russia.

On a postcard, make a neat numbered list of your eight answers. Add your name, age, and address in full, then ask your parent or guardian to sign the completed entry as your own unaided work. Post the card to:

CN Competition No. 3,
3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)

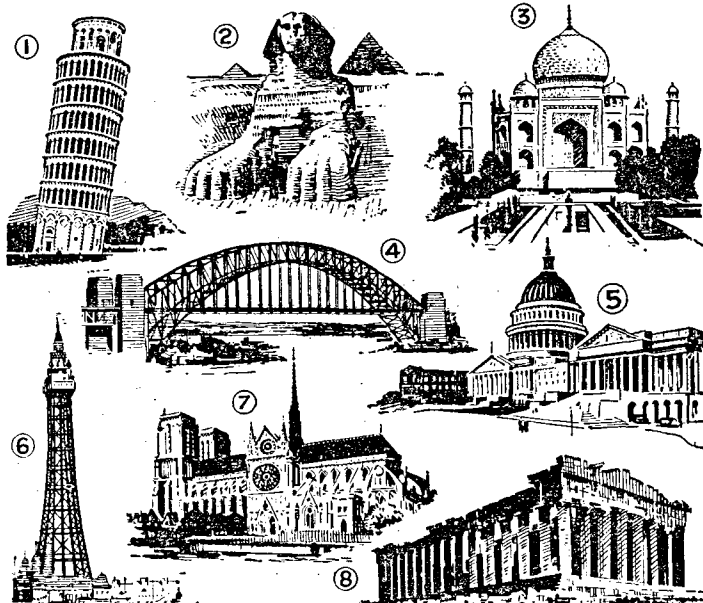
to arrive by Tuesday, 22nd August, the closing date.

The five prize watches will be awarded for the best correct entries, with neatness according to age taken into consideration; book tokens for the ten next best. The Editor's decision is final.



For Girls

For Boys





London boy to study judo in Japan

A FEW months ago we mentioned Bobby Boulton, the 17-year-old London boy who was going to Japan to take a three-year course in judo.

Now comes news of another London boy who is also going to Japan to learn the fine arts of judo. He is 14-year-old Brian Jacks.

Brian will spend five years studying the sport and he will join Bobby in the house of Mr. Ichiro Hatta, a judo expert and vice-president of the Japanese Olympic Association. In three years' time

the Olympic Games will be held in Tokyo, and it is quite possible that Bobby and Brian will be included in the British judo team.

Brian, who is considered to have a great future in the sport, recently won the junior championships of the London Judo Society—in spite of a series of injuries in the previous six months. He broke his leg playing Rugby; needed 20 stitches in his leg after an accident; and cut himself when swimming.

After those accidents, Brian probably found judo quite harmless!

AMATEUR BOXERS OFF TO EAST AFRICA

THIS week a team of London amateur boxers fly to East Africa for matches against Uganda at Kampala, on Saturday, and Kenya at Nairobi a week later. This is the first time such a tour has been undertaken by British boxers.

One member of the London team will be returning to the scene of former ring successes. He is Sergeant Dennis Pollard, at 25 the youngest sergeant in the Metropolitan Police, and the lightweight Police Champion.

During his service in the Military Police in 1954 he was stationed in Nairobi and was chosen to box for Kenya against Madagascar.

At that time boxing in East Africa was somewhat in its infancy, but Sergeant Pollard and his London team-mates will find that Kenya and Uganda are making swift progress in the fistic arts.

Natalie goes home

BRITISH swimming teams will be weakened by the departure of 18-year-old Natalie Steward, who has returned home to Rhodesia.

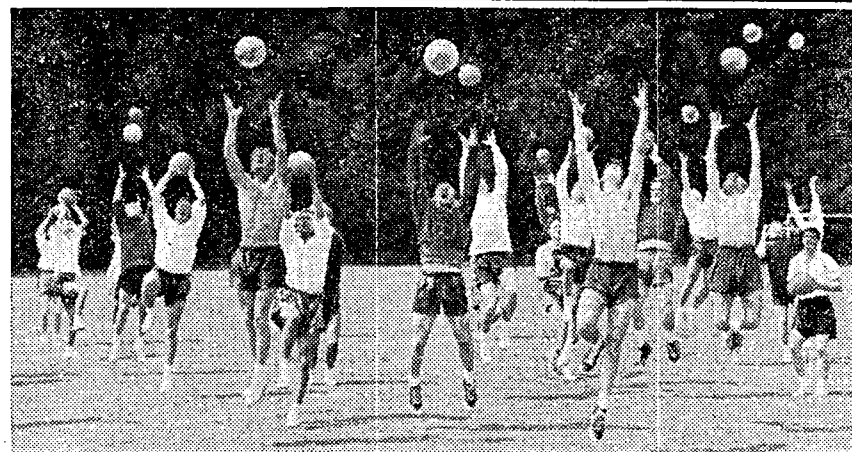
During the past two years, Natalie has made a great impact in swimming. A regular member of Britain's teams, she won a bronze and silver medal in the Rome Olympic Games; is a world and European record-holder for backstroke; and holds the British titles for the 110 and 220 yards freestyle and 110 yards backstroke.

Before leaving, Natalie said it was just possible she would be back again after six months.

School championships in new pool

MORE than 500 competitors from all over the country are to take part in the schools' national swimming championships at Wythenshawe, Manchester, where a new international pool has been built at a cost of £250,000. The championships are on 27th-28th October.

SOCCER SEASON IS HERE AGAIN



Tottenham Hotspur, League Champions and F.A. Cupholders, in training again. They play an England XI on Saturday.

AT the height of the holiday season, football starts again on Saturday with the first League Cup matches in Scotland. Many of the English teams will also be in action, in pre-season games, some on the Continent.

But perhaps the most important fixture on Saturday will be the F.A. Charity Shield match at White Hart Lane, North London, between the Spurs and an F.A. XI that is virtually the full England side.

Normally the Charity Shield is fought each year between the League Champions and the F.A. Cup-winners, but as the men of Tottenham Hotspur gained both honours last season to record the first "double" of this century, they have been rewarded with a chance to show their skill against "England." It is a wonderful "opener" to the season, and a full house is anticipated.

SCRAPBOOK:
Chester—Manchester City; Manchester United; Colchester; Chesterfield.

EARLY START



Young Gienna Bonallack gets to grips with a golf club at the age of two, and no wonder. Her father, Michael Bonallack, and her mother (formerly Angela Ward) have both won British Amateur championships.

JUMPING TO PROMINENCE

WHEN she was 16 Mary Bignal (now Mrs. Rand) leapt into athletics prominence with a jump of 18 feet 8 inches, a record for a girl of that age. Recently Lorraine Winfield, also 16, beat that record with a leap of 19 feet 1 inch.

Lorraine, from Derbyshire, is now studying at Millfield School, Street, Somerset, the school where Mary Bignal began her climb to the top in women's athletics. When Lorraine joined Millfield at the age of 15, her best leap was only 17 feet 6 inches.

Lorraine's speedy progress resulted in her being chosen for the England team to compete against Hungary last weekend.

Cheshire honours schoolboy sprinter

CHESHIRE athletics officials have presented a plaque to 19-year-old Birkenhead schoolboy Alan Martin to mark his unique record of having competed in six All-England Schools championships.

Although never a national winner, Alan's consistently fast times as a sprinter earned him county recognition every year from the age of 14.

At last month's championships he finished third in the 220 yards final and was a member of the Cheshire senior relay team which broke the 440 yards record three times.

ALL-ROUND ALFIE

